

[Chain of Command](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Matt sneaks into his boyfriend's apartment for what he thinks is going to be your average secret late-night booty call.

Shiro has other plans.

Chain of Command

Author's Note:

This document is called "against logical advice i'm writing more shatt" because I have too many wips.

Uhhh anyway, enjoy learning all of my kinks.

Matt didn't normally answer his phone in the labs. It had nothing to do with rule-following or workplace standards, he would just get way too into his research and forget his phone existed.

So, when he finished his work for the day and remembered about the outside world, he usually had a string of notifications he hadn't responded to. Today was no different. He pulled his phone out of his pocket to find someone asking if he wanted to have lunch—well, he was a little late for that now. There was Pidge, calling him a nerd and sending him something about astronomical events. Pidge again, in all caps this time.

Then, Shiro: "Can you come by my room after work?"

Oh. He stopped and read that one a couple times.

Matt weighed his options: it was late enough, not many people would be wandering around the officers' apartment building. It was also late enough that if someone caught him wandering around the officers' apartment building, they'd have a lot of questions for him. He usually got by on the fact that he was Shiro's best friend and wanted to hang out with him, but he was running out of reasons why hanging out with Shiro had to happen at night. He was still gonna do it, though, because, "come over," was code for *let's have sex* if Shiro was talking, because he was incapable of typing those particular three words. *Matt, anyone could just look at your phone and see that, or something.*

Matt's logic was fighting a losing battle against his thirst, and hey, when had practicality been any fun for anyone, ever?

He responded: "Yeah I'm on my way," sans proper punctuation because he was walking while he typed it, with the speed and determination to keep away anybody who might ask him what he thought he was doing there. Matt knew a lot about the Garrison, and the most useful piece of information he knew was this: if you look like you're supposed to be somewhere, nobody will question you.

The sun had barely set, the horizon still bleeding red, and as Matt walked, the outdoor lighting flickered on. It helped him see where he was going in the encroaching darkness, but it also made the orange of his uniform into a beacon. He shouldn't have left his lab coat hanging over the back of his desk chair, not when it could've helped disguise the neon sign of his rank.

He made it to Shiro's room without incident, the few people he passed on his way to the building sparing him no attention. When he ran his key-card through the slot at the front door, it lit up green. It had been way too easy for Shiro to give him permission to enter the building. The system went by last name, and when most people saw "Holt" on the access list, they assumed Sam.

The ID numbers were wrong, but nobody knew that.

Matt knocked a tune on Shiro's door, and got an, "it's open!" in response.

Matt let himself in, and locked the door behind him.

Shiro was sitting at his desk, his back to Matt, a stack of papers that looked important lying in front of him. He didn't turn around when Matt entered, so he was either extremely focused or doing it on purpose.

"Lonely?" Matt asked.

"Take off your uniform," Shiro replied, with the mild tone of somebody saying hello, flicking through some of the documents on his desk, like Matt had barely distracted him.

"This what happens when I work late?" Matt asked, already undoing his belt so he could pull off his jacket. "No, hi, how was your day?"

Shiro still faced his desk, still shuffled through his documents absently. Matt was starting to suspect he wasn't actually working on them.

"I said, take it off. When I give you an order, I expect a 'yes, sir' and your obedience, cadet." Well, wasn't this an interesting game. Matt hadn't been a cadet for a year and some change, and Shiro was ordering him around like he was describing the weather, but with all the severity of a superior one shouldn't cross. Matt was helpless—anyone on the planet who would get turned on listening to that.

Matt found himself stuck in the sleeves of his jacket, and he mumbled a soft, "*Jesus fucking Christ, Shiro.*"

"Language," Shiro said, and oh, god, if he was gonna pull that shit every time Matt swore, nobody would get naked, ever.

Matt knew him well enough to notice the hesitancy in his hands as he gripped the arm of his chair and pushed himself up. He saw Shiro's eyes for the first time that night, and they were soft, almost self-conscious, incongruous with the no-nonsense man who'd been telling Matt to call him sir. "This is okay, right?" he asked, and god, it was so much more than.

"Absolutely, yes, it's okay, fuck, you know I think this is hot," Matt said, so fast his words started tripping over each other.

Shiro tried to school his expression into something a little more domineering, but he couldn't stop smirking. "Alright then, strip."

Matt let his jacket drop to the ground and then yanked his shirt off, ruffling his hair and dislodging his glasses. When he readjusted them, Shiro was still watching him, fingers pressed over his lips, doing a terrible job at hiding his grin. "So, what are we doing?" Matt asked, "do I get to be the wild card who doesn't play by the rules, and you get to be my C.O. who's trying to straighten me out?"

Shiro's hand dropped from his mouth and he frowned. "Uh. Really?"

"Yeah, sure," Matt said, kicking off his boots and stepping out of his pants, "tell me I've been a bad boy and need to be punished, or something. You not into that?"

"It just makes me think of Keith," Shiro said, and yeah, he was right. "Unruly cadet rebelling against superior officers" was right under Keith's name in the dictionary. And Shiro definitely didn't want to be thinking about his sixteen-year-old protege right now. Matt didn't, either.

"Alright, fuck that, then," Matt said, taking a step back from Shiro, tucking one foot behind the other, glancing demurely at the floor, the picture of insecurity and innocence. He pitched his voice a little higher and breathier than usual. "So, sir, why did you want me to come to your room?"

"I'm sure you've figured that out by now," Shiro said, snapping back into serious rigidity, the gold on the shoulders of his uniform lit up by the desk lamp behind him. He was a vision of authority, a picture that made Matt want to drop to his knees. "Asking a cadet to take off his clothes for me isn't exactly standard protocol, you know." Shiro stood at parade rest before him, his hands clasped, looking him over, continuing to deliberately keep himself from touching Matt.

"Do you do this a lot, sir?" he asked, resting one hand on his opposite shoulder like he was trying to cover his chest, "take cadets back to your room and...?"

"No," Shiro said, taking another step closer to him. "I think you'll find I'm very selective. I play favorites." He was inches from Matt, now. Either of them could reach out and close the gap, but they remained a hand-span apart. Matt's gaze skirted over the room, like he was too shy for eye contact. In reality, if he looked Shiro in the eyes, he might've started drooling. "I've seen you in training," Shiro said, "I've wanted to know what you looked like without the uniform for a while, now."

"And what's your evaluation?" Matt asked, his gaze dragging down Shiro's front. Damn uniforms were so long he couldn't tell if Shiro was hard yet. Shiro could damn well see his partial through his boxer-briefs, so it was criminally unfair.

"You're gorgeous," Shiro said, his voice losing a little of its cool edge, as much a genuine compliment as it was a line in a roleplay. He was staring now, and either his gaze was burning or Matt was just getting hot over it. Shiro hadn't ever demonstrated heat vision before, so he was going to assume it was the latter.

Matt finally met his eyes, dropping both hands to his side, leaning in until his mouth was barely an inch from Shiro's. "Are you going to look at me all night?" he asked.

"Would you prefer I make this a hands-on experience?" Shiro curled a hand under his chin, tilting Matt's head to the side so he could speak directly into his ear, his cheek brushing Matt's.

Matt gave him a quiet little, "yes, sir," in response.

Shiro's hand trailed down his neck, fingers framing his throat, barely brushing his skin. "What about you, cadet? Do you do this often? Ever bent over for a superior officer before?"

Yes. He had. Every night he could. Shiro knew that, of course, he was the one doing the bending. Or vice versa. "No, sir," Matt said, letting his voice come out soft, a little shaky, but that was just because Shiro had brushed his thumb over Matt's Adam's apple. "I've never... never let anybody."

He could feel the sigh rush out of Shiro's mouth, hot against his ear. "Nice touch," he muttered, because Shiro was nothing if not a little possessive, before leaning back and getting into character again. "Go sit on the bed," he said. *Ordered.* "I'm going to show you a good time tonight."

Fuck, Shiro was unfairly hot. Even cheesy lines that he could've stolen straight out of bad porn sounded sexy in his voice. Matt took the opportunity to peel off his socks and set his glasses on the desk, feeling strangely less naked without them on. He perched on the edge of Shiro's bed, knees together, although that was getting kind of hard, because *he* was getting kind of hard.

Without his glasses on, Shiro was a blur in front of him, and he was a blur who wasn't taking his clothes off. It was frustrating, until Shiro knelt before him in full uniform, palms on his knees, spreading his legs apart. Oh, fuck. Forget nudity, this was hotter.

"May I touch you?" Shiro asked, leaning his cheek against Matt's thigh, still polite, even when he was supposed to be a domineering C.O.

God, Matt loved him.

"Yes," he said, "yeah, please touch me, sir."

Shiro leaned in and pressed his mouth to Matt's cock through his boxers. Matt grabbed the sheets, and didn't even try to keep himself from rubbing against Shiro's mouth. Shiro took it, moaning against him, his hands sliding up Matt's thighs and around to his ass. He was making a goddamn mess of Matt's boxers, not that Matt was doing anything else, the tip of his cock getting wet and soaking through just as easily as Shiro's tongue did.

When Shiro pulled his boxers down and sucked on the head of his cock, Matt dropped back onto his elbows. He was bad at keeping himself upright when Shiro's mouth was involved.

Shiro took all of him in one easy slide. He was well-practiced, the back of his throat relaxing around Matt's cock, the way he moaned buzzing all the way through him. He pulled off slow, went back down fast. He drove Matt crazy in the span of a few minutes.

Matt shoved himself back up so he could watch, and god, it was a sight. Matt had always liked the way Shiro looked on his knees, and he could get used to watching him do it in uniform. Matt was starting to question who was dominating this little excursion, and he was starting to find he didn't care. When Shiro swallowed around him, his thumbs dug into Matt's thighs, and sure, Matt knew he was just bracing himself against the weird sensation of swallowing and then still having something in his throat, but it felt like Shiro was holding him down, and Matt made a whole string of wordless noises, his fingers clenching in the sheets. He didn't grab Shiro's hair,

because the game required him to sit back and let Shiro do what he wanted, but he did dig one of his heels into Shiro's back, entirely by accident.

"I'm close," Matt warned him, giving Shiro enough time to pull off and wrap his hand around Matt's cock. Shiro's lips were redder, the way they looked after Matt had spent a long time kissing him. Wasn't from that, though.

"You gonna come for me?" Shiro said, his voice raspy, because he'd been going down on Matt.

He sounded like sex. Matt made a sound in response that neither made sense nor answered the question. Shiro knew it was a yes, anyway.

"I'll give you an order, then," Shiro said, "come."

He did, not because Shiro was ordering him, but because his order had been well-timed.

Matt tipped his head back, his breath rushing out of him in a series of moans around Shiro's name, because fuck, he couldn't not say his name, roleplay or whatever be damned. He scraped a hand through his hair as he let himself come down, and felt Shiro lean his cheek against his thigh, heard him laugh quietly. Matt curled into a seated position to ask him what the hell he thought he was laughing at, but he saw it before he got the question out.

There was a streak of Matt's come across the front of Shiro's uniform, standing out bright white against the gray.

"Shit. Oh god, I'm so sorry," he said, around a stream of giggles that were half embarrassment.

Shiro plucked at the fabric, glancing down and inspecting the damage. "Nah. It'll wash out," he said. "I'm just gonna, uh. Go take this off." He stood, already unfastening his belt to get the jacket off as quickly as possible, and Matt thought he saw Shiro wipe his mouth off with the back of his hand.

"God," Matt sighed, falling back onto the bedsheets, "is it bad that I feel kind of accomplished about that?"

"Probably," Shiro said from the bathroom. Matt could hear the sink running, then shut off, then the soft thump of Shiro dropping his jacket to the ground.

"Get back in here," he said, "I wanna take care of you, c'mon."

"One second," Shiro said, his voice muffled, like he was taking his T-shirt off. Matt listened to him undress completely, curling onto his side, facing the wall, the way he'd normally sleep if he had Shiro against his back. The bathroom door closed behind Shiro.

When he reached the bed, Shiro took Matt's shoulder and rolled him onto his back, until he had Matt grinning up at him. "Hey, handsome."

"Hey," Shiro said, and then his smile turned into a smirk. "I think we left things a little unfinished, don't you, cadet?"

Oh, so they were still playing.

"I don't know, sir, what else do you want from me?" Matt asked, tilting his head to the side like he couldn't possibly imagine what Shiro would want (an orgasm, for starters).

Shiro held Matt's jaw, thumb tracing his cheekbone, and tipped his face up. He eased one knee onto the bed just to the side of Matt's hip, examining him slowly. "When was the last time somebody fucked you?" he asked, the *fuck* sounding especially sharp when he spoke in his crisp professional-Garrison-officer voice.

He was probably expecting Matt to answer with the last time Shiro had fucked him (couple of weeks back, against the wall), but Matt had a character to play. And he'd decided on 'innocent virgin,' so he was going with it. "Nobody's ever fucked me before, sir."

The breath Shiro let out was slow, and hissed through his teeth. He bent so he could speak into Matt's ear. "I'll make it easy on you, cadet. Nice and

slow. Did you know it's better if you have your first time with somebody who knows what they're doing?"

"I didn't, sir," Matt said. *And neither do you*, he thought, because the first time they'd fooled around, he and Shiro had both been just about equal on the scale of awkward virgin to sex icon. Matt was glad his first time had been with Shiro, always would be, but he wondered if maybe it would've gone better if one of them had known what they were doing.

"Let me take care of you." Shiro stroked his thumb over Matt's cheekbone, up to his temple.

That was one order he could always reply, "yes, sir," to.

"Good boy," Shiro said, shivering a little even though he was the one saying the words. Matt knew exactly how Shiro would react if he'd been the one getting called a good boy, and he resolved to do this roleplay in reverse sometime. Although, it'd be harder to imagine someone as imposingly built as Shiro playing a hapless cadet.

Shiro shifted up and off the bed so that he could reach into his top dresser drawer, because Shiro had never quite lost the teenagerish instinct to hide his lube and condoms in his sock drawer. He set a half-empty bottle and a couple condoms next to Matt on the bed, and he scooped up a towel he must have dropped on the floor on his way in from the bathroom, tossing it somewhere at the foot of the bed.

Matt rested his folded hands on his chest and crooked his knees up, legs together, because he wanted to make Shiro pull them apart. Shiro sat beside him, wrapping an arm around Matt's legs, stroking his thumb over his knee. "Comfortable?" he asked, and Matt only knew he was still in character because normally he'd ask, "you good?"

"Yeah," Matt said, reaching out to put a hand on Shiro's shoulder and draw him closer. "It's just... Sir, do I have permission to kiss you?"

"Yes," Shiro said, curling an arm around Matt's torso to lift him close enough to kiss, slow, chaste at first, then deeper. He tasted like the

mouthwash he must've used while he was undressing in the bathroom, and his mouth was as warm and pliant under Matt's as always.

Shiro couldn't even pretend at kissing Matt like it was the first time. He knew exactly what Matt wanted, when to push against him and when to just open himself for Matt and let him lead. Shiro was so submissive while he kissed, it nearly took Matt straight out of their game, but then he pulled away, pushing Matt back onto the pillows, leaving his palm in the center of Matt's chest.

"I think that's enough," Shiro said, his voice a little rougher, still commanding. "I'm going to get you ready for me, now."

He arranged himself at Matt's feet, kneeling, hands on Matt's knees and sliding toward his thighs, spreading his legs until they framed Shiro's. For a moment, because both of them were naked and half-hard and so obviously about to fuck, Matt forgot to be shy, and he grinned at Shiro, squeezing his legs around Shiro's hips for a second. When Shiro stroked his thigh, gentle but not as affectionately as usual, Matt remembered the game and covered his mouth, hiding the giddy grin he couldn't quite get rid of.

"Keep still," Shiro ordered, reaching across the bed for the bottle of lube and pouring it over his fingers, slower and more careful about it than usual. Building up the anticipation, Matt suspected. Making him impatient, Matt decided.

"Please," he said, as pitiful and whiny as he could manage. Shiro's fingers gripped harder at his thigh, but his opposite hand remained steady, fingers pressed against him, but not inside.

"Please,' what?" Shiro dragged his fingers away for a frustrating second.

"Please, sir," Matt begged, starting to feel like he'd be begging Shiro even if they weren't playing.

Shiro didn't normally finger him open. This was because Matt had no patience (plenty of focus, though, thank you very much, Shiro), and usually operated in a mindset of, "if you're not going to do it fast enough, I will." It

also drove Matt insane when Shiro did it, because he was so methodical about it, like it was all about trying not to hurt him, not trying to make him feel good. The whole thing painted Shiro as a huge tease, even though he was just being his usual practical self.

This time, though, Matt was sure he was teasing. Shiro's fingers spread him, sure, but he spent more time just slowly fucking him, curling in slow strokes that were maddeningly gentle. Matt knew Shiro had it in him to get rough, but he was holding back, excruciatingly careful. It was very like how Shiro had done it the first time, except without all the nervousness and insecurity.

Shiro might have been better at this roleplaying thing than Matt gave him credit for.

"How is it?" he asked.

"Mm. Good. I want more," Matt said, effortfully keeping himself from twisting his hips and fucking down onto Shiro's fingers. That wouldn't exactly be playing coy.

Shiro had two fingers inside him, spread wide enough that 'more' could've been his cock up Matt's ass, but that would ruin the whole delayed gratification thing he was going for. Instead, he slid a third finger in alongside the other two, and Matt whined, throwing one arm over his face in a dramatic show of frustration. Sure, if they were playing this out for accuracy, it made sense, because he was *supposed* to be a virgin in this little invented storyline, but Shiro didn't *need* to go so slow.

"Shiro. Fuck me," he said. Shiro clicked his tongue, chiding, and pulled out, wiping his sticky fingers on the towel, taking way more time than he needed to.

"That isn't how you should address a superior officer," he said. "I thought we'd gone over this."

"Maybe you should spank me or something," Matt suggested, just because he knew it would make Shiro—

Yep. There it was. Shiro's lips pressed together and he frowned, shaking his head. "I don't believe in corporal punishment." It was exactly what he'd said the first time Matt had joked about spanking, spoken in the same deadpan. Matt could never tell if he was serious about it, and honestly, he didn't mind either way, because he did most of his lab work seated, and so corporal punishment was probably unwise.

Shiro bent over him, one hand on his shoulder, pressing him back into the bed with as much of his body weight as Matt could take. "Are you going to behave?" he asked, his voice low and dangerous, just on the sexy side of the tone he used when he threatened the cadets with extra laps, "or am I going to have to make you?"

I'd like to see you try, Matt thought. If Shiro tried to get any meaner, he'd start backpedaling and asking if Matt was okay, which would be adorable, but not quite sexy.

"I'll be good," he said, "I promise, sir, I'll be good. Please, just—"

Shiro must have decided Matt sounded guilty enough, or he'd just run out of his patience-focus-bullshit, because he got off of Matt for a second, to grab a condom, Matt realized. He wasn't sure if it was for veracity or easier cleanup, but he didn't like the half-minute it took for Shiro to get it on. It was a half-minute Shiro wasn't fucking him, and while some people (Shiro) might think the extended wait made it that much sweeter, Matt disagreed.

Matt wanted him *now*, and he wasn't above playing dirty to get him. Matt squirmed in his lap, shifting himself closer, his cock bumping against the back of Shiro's knuckles as he stroked another handful of lube over himself. "I want you so bad," Matt said, trying not to sound super whiny and failing. "I *need* you, sir, please—I need you inside of me."

Shiro had a thing for dirty talk, which worked out well, because Matt had a legendarily dirty mouth. Matt had discovered this early on in their relationship when he screwed something up and took a nasty hit in a simulator, then told the holographic enemy ship to, "fuck me right up the ass, why don't you," and Shiro made the only mistake Matt had ever seen him make in a sim.

He thought he might've been laying it on a little thick, but Shiro didn't seem to mind. He kissed Matt into the pillows, hands tight on his thighs, tight enough to leave bruises that were gonna get Matt some weird looks in the locker room next time he had PT. He couldn't give a shit about it now, not when Shiro was thrusting against his ass—not *in*, not what he wanted. Did Shiro somehow miss the thesis of all that begging?

Shiro leaned back, just a little, to adjust himself, and Matt clung to his shoulders, leaning in to kiss his neck. He would've been impressed that Shiro was able to hold him up so easily, if it had been the first, or maybe even the second or third time it'd happened. As it were, he was only surprised when Shiro managed to keep him from falling back onto the bed as he went completely boneless once Shiro finally got it in. The noise he made was high-pitched and pathetic, and if Shiro asked him about it later, he was absolutely going to lie and say it was in character.

"That's it," Shiro said, "that's right, just relax. Does it feel good, baby?"

"Yeah, yes, it's good."

Shiro went slower than usual, paused for a while once he was all the way inside, giving Matt time to adjust. He didn't need it, not physically, already relaxed from orgasm and way more thoroughly stretched open than he needed to be. But it gave him a moment to breathe and come up with his next line, which ended up being pretty uncreative anyway.

"*Fuck, sir, you're so big. Hold me down,*" he said, tacking on a, "please?" at the end.

Shiro pressed him into the mattress, a hand on each of his shoulders, mouth prying Matt's open. Matt was expecting him to go easy, take him gentle and sweet, but he couldn't complain about what he got. Shiro may have been going slow, but he ground deep, fucking Matt in long, hard strokes. Shiro knew the right angle to give it to him just how he liked it, and he took advantage of that knowledge.

Matt couldn't help it, he started whining and begging against Shiro's lips, wrapping his legs as tight around Shiro's waist as he could, hands dragging

down Shiro's chest, squeezing his pecs. He dropped one hand to his own cock, jerking himself off for a few breathless seconds of relief, before Shiro snatched up his wrist and pinned it above his head on the pillow.

"Wrong move, cadet," he said, eyes sharp and focused despite the fact that his face was bright red and he sounded like it took effort to keep his voice steady. "You're trying to get off?"

"Fuck, yeah. Yeah, I need too—"

"You don't touch yourself," Shiro ordered, pausing for a second, waiting for a safeword that didn't come, because *fuck*, he was so deep and fucking him so hard, Matt wasn't gonna need to touch himself. "I'm getting you off tonight," he said, "just me. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," he said, voice strangled, "yes, yeah, you're all I need—now fuck me, c'mon, it feels so good." He got a particularly sharp thrust for that one, and if Shiro hadn't started kissing him again, he would've been howling loud enough to wake Shiro's neighbors. Shiro swallowed every would-be scream, only breaking the string of kisses when Matt pushed on his chest, forcing him up and off.

"Okay?" Shiro asked, suddenly worried.

"Yeah. I just can't—*fuck*, I'm gonna come."

Shiro grabbed his waist, picking up the pace, his concern forgotten. "You're not coming until I do," he said, and Matt arched his back to grind against Shiro's abs, because *fuck* that.

He pared his complaint about how that wasn't possible, especially not when Shiro was fucking him like that, down to, "sir, I can't, I'm gonna—"

The mattress and the bedframe were creaking under them, and god, the officer who lived next-door was going to know Shiro was fucking *somebody*, wasn't that a nice thought. Maybe the rest of the officers stop worrying so much about Shiro's love life and stop trying to set him up with women.

"You can, baby, you're so good for me, fuck, I'm so close." Shiro buried his face in Matt's neck and moaned, squeezing his waist tighter, pulling Matt down onto him and fucking him deep in tandem, taking him so hard the bedframe slammed against the wall a couple times, and then Shiro stilled, grasping for him, pulling Matt into his arms and making broken little sounds into his shoulder. He felt hotter when he came, and Matt rolled his hips as much as he could in the tiny space between them, riding him through it.

Shiro kissed him after, as deep and passionate as he possibly could, and it didn't feel like they were playing anymore. Shiro confirmed that with a, "god, Matthew, I love you," and that was what got him in the end.

He hadn't heard his name on Shiro's lips all night, so he couldn't help the way he moaned "*Takashi*," probably a little too loud. He came against Shiro's abs, Shiro's half-hard cock still buried in him, Shiro leaving wet kisses up his neck.

It was too much, and then it was even more, because Shiro was kissing his mouth again, pulling him close to his chest, and Matt pulled away, because if he didn't, he'd never catch his breath. Shiro adjusted the two of them so they were on their sides, facing each other, and he watched Matt's face carefully, like he was looking for a bad reaction. When he didn't get one, he sat up, reaching toward the end of the bed to grab the towel he'd thrown over there. Matt was quiet while Shiro cleaned them up, pressed himself as close to Shiro as he could when he was done.

"Doing alright?" Shiro asked, petting his hair and rubbing his thumb in circles on Matt's temple.

"Mm. Y'broke me."

"You're fine," Shiro laughed, still settling him with little touches, tracing his shoulder-blades, kissing his forehead.

"Yeah, I'm good. *Real* good, shit, that was awesome."

"I'm glad." Shiro reached to pull the blankets over them, and then paused.
"Do you need anything?"

"Just you," Matt said, reaching to pull him closer again.

"I was talking more like, uh, a glass of water or something, but this works, too."

"Thanks for that, by the way," Matt said, rolling over so that his back was to Shiro's chest, because Shiro was the warmest, best big spoon ever.

"I, uh. I mean, I wasn't just doing it for you, I—"

Matt didn't have to look to know Shiro was blushing. "Mm-hm, always knew you were secretly kinky. There had to be a reason they never paired us up for combat training when we were cadets."

"Yeah, the reason was that I wouldn't hit you." Shiro put his arm around Matt, hand resting over his heart.

Okay, but he would dodge fast enough that Matt fell on his face and Matt wasn't sure which was worse. "I think you were secretly into it," he said. "Listen, it's cool. I'm not gonna tell the world you're a closeted sex fiend or anything."

"Please don't. Because it would be a lie." Shiro's voice got quieter, like he was falling asleep back there.

Matt patted him on the hand. "Whatever you want to tell yourself, babe." Shiro nuzzled his face into the back of Matt's neck and made a little noise of frustration.

"Go to sleep, Matt," he said, a yawn blurring it into one word.

"Okay. I love you. G'night. Please wake me up before I have to go teach a bunch of cadets about biochemical research sampling."

Shiro yawned again. "No promises."

Author's Note:

For just like, way too much shatt content probably, visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula, where I keep posting about these huge nerds.